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DART- MOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY.

BY THE
STUDENTS

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The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

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Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

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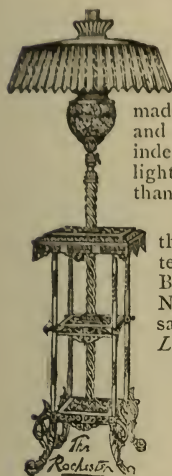
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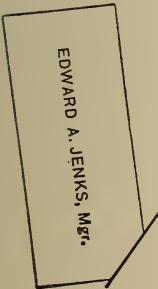
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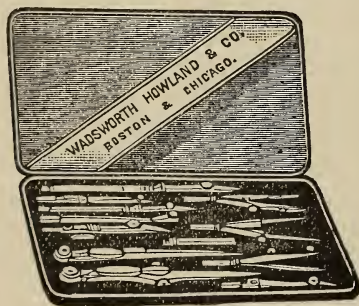
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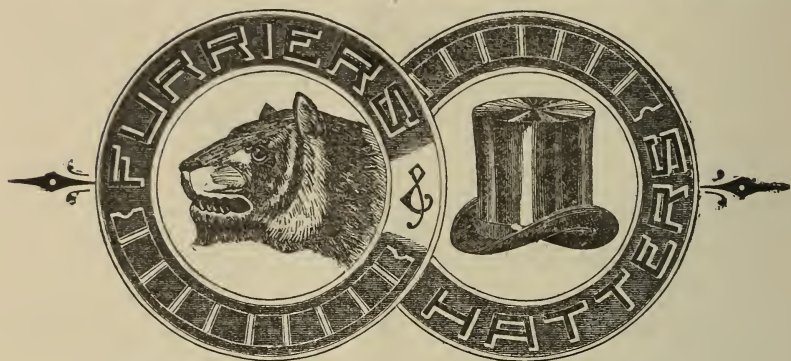
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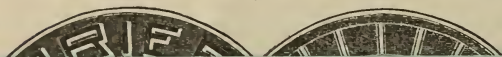
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—and not the guests on the platform, are the judges of the orator's talent, and the same requirements obtain in, as out of, college. For an impartial and equitable judgment the speaker must look to his fellow-students, rather than to the faculty or to his favorite professor. The former will estimate him at what he does; the latter, too often, at what he ought to have done.

Shut in the college as much as you may from the outside world, it will still be affected by the tastes and the standards of the majority. The spirit of the times, like an insidious something, indefinable, permeates every phase of contemporary life, and that oratory, especially within the last half century, has changed radically, in kind at least, is too apparent to need arguing. This change, amounting almost to indifference, has affected the church, the lecture hall, and the political assembly, but especially the college. The number and the character of the causes working to produce

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Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 9.

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COLLEGE ORATORY.

In a brief but comprehensive estimate of college oratory, the question first arises, What is oratory? Is a definition of oratory abstract applicable to oratory concrete? Do the conditions vary the requirements? Certainly not. An orator is an orator, differing only in degree, whether he charms his hearers in the woods of Canada, or in the college, or in the halls of Congress. No matter what the conditions or the circumstances, the people—the audience—and not the guests on the platform, are the judges of the orator's talent, and the same requirements obtain in, as out of, college. For an impartial and equitable judgment the speaker must look to his fellow-students, rather than to the faculty or to his favorite professor. The former will estimate him at what he does; the latter, too often, at what he ought to have done.

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this change it is not the purpose of this essay to determine, or even to enumerate but briefly. This is an age of invention and scientific discovery and discussion. The emotional element in man's nature has been choked by the intensely practical. Ignorance and superstition are not, as formerly, so completely under the orator's control. In other days, great questions of state were discussed by men not bound by judgments already formed. Now, there are few legislators not influenced unreasonably by party affiliations; few delegates not tied, gagged, and blindfolded by instructions; few questions of public interest not more fully discussed by the newspaper than by the statesman. The multiplicity of statutes, the enormous number of decided cases, and the necessity of attention to details and technicalities have killed oratory at the bar. Lack of training and heterodoxy have crippled it in the pulpit; for where everything is left pendent and enshrouded by uncertainty, as is the tendency of modern religious discussion, on what strings can the orator play? He cannot persuade men to believe a doctrine of which he himself professes to have no certain knowledge; nor rouse men to action when the whole tendency of his preaching is to rob conscience of its sting; nor warn men of a judgment to come, when he himself believes there is no judgment. These, and many other causes, have limited the field, lessened the influence, and tied the tongue of the orator. And these causes by their effect on the public at large have grievously affected the standard and quality of college oratory.

Furthermore, the conditions in college life itself afford many plausible excuses for the prevalent indifference to oratorical attainment. The curriculum has been greatly enlarged, and the entire course in some of the largest institutions made pretty much elective. This has given an impetus to scientific study and investigation, on the whole not favorable to the development of oratory; and then, athletics, another modern growth, have assumed gigantic proportions, and threaten to absorb an undue part of the time and energies of the student. These, with other causes, have produced a lamentable indifference to elocutionary and oratorical study. As a result, an able and pleasing oration delivered from

the commencement platform is an exception so rare as to be remarked generally. Every year hundreds of young men are graduated from American colleges who are outstripped by men with a fraction of their knowledge, because they are unable to express themselves in a forcible, pleasing, and attractive manner. Their college instructors have not impressed the idea that a speaker's power consists less in what he says than in how he says it. History is replete with incidents illustrative of this defect. Said a friend to Mirabeau, "The Assembly will not listen to me." "Let me see your speech," was the reply; and when it was delivered on the following day with the fervid eloquence of a real orator, the Assembly was roused to the intensest enthusiasm. O'Connell is said to have been the only man who could rob Disraeli of his air of indifference to the accusations of an opponent. That famous orator might hurl the most insulting invective, yet his victim could but applaud.

The great failing of college drill in public speaking is its superficiality. The erroneous idea that the committing and rehearsing of a stock declamation is sufficient without a thorough knowledge of principles, is too willingly entertained. Good public speakers are not produced in a day: a systematic and extended study of the fundamentals, and practice, long and unremitting, are the price of success in this highest and most difficult of the arts. And what period of life affords better advantages than the years spent in college, for acquiring skill in debate, training the voice, perfecting the gesture, and cultivating the power of thought? What audience is superior to the college audience for applauding the excellences and correcting the crudities of the youthful aspirant? For college men are quick to appreciate merit, and just as quick to detect and disparage affectation and bombast. In college, reputations are made by a single effort and lost quite as easily. In his oratorical work the speaker has unsurpassed opportunities to experiment, and thus learn his powers, and—what is quite as important—like-wise his limitations.

Notwithstanding the tendencies of the times, and—as compared with other generations—the indifference to oratorical training, we

may be assured that the good speaker will always be in demand, and increasingly so as the years go by and the relations of American life become more and more complicated. Even at present, there are no means by which advancement in any profession is made so rapidly as by coupling eloquence with knowledge. And it is of little wonder that the college men of America are ambitious to emulate the successful public speaker, when they see the homage paid to him by both the past and the present. They are aware that there are fields for legitimate oratorical endeavor, broadening every day, and differing from those of the golden age in kind rather than in degree. The lecture platform is one of these fields. Could all the lectures, from the least unto the greatest delivered in these United States in a single year, be catalogued, the number would be appalling; and, with the growth of population and the evolution of educational methods, the demand for at least the so called popular lecturer, the man apt in illustration and of ready wit, who can both instruct and entertain, is rapidly increasing.

Another of these fields is the political arena. Perhaps in no walk of life is mediocrity so highly rewarded, and certainly nowhere else does the real orator shine with such a lustre. Live questions and burning issues are argued *pro* and *con* with all the fierceness and animosity of partisan rivalry and hatred. Here, unlike his career in Congress, the orator comes face to face with the people, and finds a foeman worthy of his steel. His impetuous and oftentimes hostile and ignorant audience must first be won and then persuaded to vote for—well, they don't know what, except that orator so-and-so said it would be a good thing for themselves and their country.

The college men of America are interested in politics as never before. They realize that the people will have leaders—if not educated, ignorant; if not earnest and patriotic men, fanatics and anarchists. They hear on one hand the tramp of unrestrained hordes of foreign immigrants, and on the other the premonitions of internal dissension. The mighty problems of the hour demand the wisest statesmanship, the profoundest thinking, for their solution. Whence will come these statesmen, these orators, these leaders of

public thought? Largely from the ranks of college graduates. From the East and from the West, men will be pressed into service by the exigencies of the times ;—and how important that these custodians of liberty, these moulders of American institutions, should, while yet in college, lay the foundations for a life of renown and usefulness ! How far short of its true functions does the college come, that does not teach men in the competition of life to make the most of their powers, natural or acquired, that does not fit its matriculates for the broadest citizenship, the noblest manhood !

W. C. B.

RETROSPECTION.

When morning sun his robe of glory wraps
 About the purpling east, we hear a bird
 Fling forth such flood of music sweet, as word
 Cannot describe ; his early strain soft taps
 Upon the doorways of the heart, and caps
 The soul with love of wood and field ; but blurred
 Is later, harsh and rough, and is not heard,
 For day from out his soul the sweetness saps.

So, oft, a young man sings the morning's flush
 All cool and soft, and murmuring of bees
 In sunlit fields of grain, and dark, swift rush
 Of waters foaming. But the reader sees,
 Mayhap, with added years, the writer blush
 For lines now coarse and void of tint and breeze.

B. S.

LOSING A GRANDMOTHER: AN INCIDENT.

It was the corner by Park Street church, and the electric cars made such a noise that it was almost impossible for Madame who sold apples, to hear the remarks of Mr. Cyrus Knox.

This was the more unfortunate, as the remarks of Mr. Cyrus Knox were usually well worth hearing ;—at least he thought so, and so did the family portraits to whom they were usually addressed,

for these latter were never known to have disputed any statements made to them by the owner of the Beacon Hill house, whose walls their stately faces adorned.

Mr. Knox was a ghost, not a white, uncanny creature, whose early education had been so shockingly neglected as to cause him to shriek at unholy hours and burn lights in deserted places, with an utter disregard for people's feelings and the gas-rates, but, as he expressed it, "the ghost of his former self."

Mr. Knox had several former selves, but the one understood to be alluded to in his enigmatical remarks was the one refused by Miss Sybil Anderson. Sybil, however, did not regard Mr. Knox as a ghost. She called him "an unoriginal chump," because, forsooth, his mild jokes and gentle witticisms were all drawn from recent numbers of *Life*, while the other young men were shrewd enough to cull their choicest bits from old numbers of *Harper's* and other unread publications.

Madame who sold apples, was a beautiful old woman, with the fresh face of the Norman peasants, so familiar on the canvases of some of the gentlemen of the Saint Botolph Club, and was always an object of interest to Knox. "Ah, yes," said she, in answer to his question, "it is very sad, but they are all asleep, like those in the church-yard yonder," and she pointed to the iron-fenced enclosure beyond the church; "but in a quieter place, near a church,—yes, a big stone one, gray and shadowy, not like this." And she shrugged her shoulders disdainfully at the sacred edifice of Tremont street.

"Are they all asleep?" asked the ghost. The old woman blushed a little, faint and pink, like a faded rose-leaf. "All but Jean, my grandson,—I have cast him off, he was bad, he beat me,—he is in prison."

Knox thought about the old woman on the corner all day, and when in the evening he went home, and sat in the study and looked at the pictures to which he usually addressed his valuable remarks, he noticed how much better-clad and better-fed looking were his colonial and revolutionary ancestors, than the Madame who sold apples on the corner.

Knox, very frequently after this, stopped and talked with the old woman, and as the season grew colder, in its usual thoughtless way, he noticed more and more how frail and weak she seemed, and finally, he did a most unusual and unprecedented thing, nothing less, in fact, than to install her in his house on Beacon street, and hire a nurse to look after her.

As the acquaintances of Knox were all too well-bred to ask questions, and as he himself never gave any explanation, her presence there continued a mystery, and, indeed, was known only to very few people.

But Madame grew well and rosy and strong under the good food, the rich clothing, and the kind treatment of the ghost, and the ghost himself felt such a glow of kindness pervading his complacent and somewhat phlegmatic being, and grew to like Madame so well, that he almost forgot that he was a ghost.

Sometimes, however, a shade of sadness passed over the old woman's face, and sometimes in her French prayers could be distinguished the word Jean.

When Jean had served his time and gotten back to the Boston streets, he forgot, for a while, all about his grandmother, but, finally, being very short of funds, and feeling the need of a little excitement such as threatening the old woman would give, he turned his steps towards her usual place of business; not finding her, he felt very much disgruntled, and was surprised to find that he was really sorry to miss her old and wrinkled face, but money he must have, and so he brushed sentimental cobwebs from his thoughts, and set about thinking on practical matters.

Knox and Madame had a very pleasant evening on the day of Jean's liberation, the old woman telling quaint stories of old times in Normandy, and the ghost listening in very contented fashion. When he bade her good-night he was surprised to see that she was crying. "You are good to me," she said in reply to his question if anything was wrong, "but I am lonesome."

The next morning Knox took Madame to ride; as they turned the corner, by the state-house, he noticed a slouching, ill-featured fellow watching them. Madame saw him also. "Stop!"

she said to the coachman. As the carriage came to a standstill the old woman said to Knox, "It is Jean! Good-bye." And before he could prevent it, she had gotten out, and was gone.

What is more strange, she has never been seen since.

"You look," said the ghost's friends, at the club next day, "as gloomy as though you had lost your grandmother!" "I have," said Knox.

M. P. T.

THE LONE PINE.

Far up where towers the barren, rocky height
 Of yonder hill, where fleecy cloudlets lie,—
 Where lingers last the slow-departing light
 When sunset glories tinge the evening sky,—
 A sturdy pine stands outlined clear, alone,
 Against the clouds; nor heeds the icy blast
 Of winter's chilling breath, nor tempest's moan,
 Nor fears the furious whirlwind raging past;
 Looks in disdain upon the pigmy world below,
 Nor asks the tame support of company;
 Dreads not the rattling hail, nor drifting snow,
 But, trusting in itself, stands firm and free.

G. C. S.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Among the various volumes of American verse one turns with a sense of relief to the beautifully tender poems of Helen Hunt Jackson. To pass from the ordinary rhyming of to-day to these sweet bits of genuine feeling is like abandoning the noisy heat and glare of crowded city streets, and seeking rest and quiet far away in green meadows where meek-eyed cattle stand knee-deep in placid pools beneath the over-arching trees, and birds sing all day long.

To characterize these poems, at once the most and least that can be said of them is that they are intensely human—least, because they are that if nothing more; most, in that they come down to

the level of every-day mankind, and searching out the pure from the defiled, the gold from the dross, bear it away on wings of song to heights immeasurable, whence one may snatch, perchance, a glimpse of the ideal.

Her very themes are those that especially awaken responsive chords in the breasts of men. Themes, did we say? Her theme rather, for all her poems are but the parts of one grand whole—one rhythmic symphony, whose every leading thought is nature. Not the nature embodied in green hills and shady woods, though these, too, are not without their tribute, but that broader nature, whose relations to life, death, and those other unknown quantities in the great problem of existence, are fraught with deepest interest to every human soul.

But, if in dreamy speculation upon these subjects she leads the reader far away into the limitless realms of imagination, she never fails to direct his footsteps, nor does she, as do some, leave him helplessly to struggle—the finite with the infinite—until, bewildered, he falls a prey to doubt and unbelief, but,

“While Life and Joy will come to keep
With Death and Pain what tryst they must,”

she seeks in her every line to soothe the troubled spirit by the undercurrent of simple faith that pervades her sweetest measures.

Though the threads be tangled, though their colors be dull and sombre, still, as the “Blind Spinner,” she exclaims,—

“I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric, to endure
Past time and race,
My thread will have.”

And gradually—so gradually that one hardly notes the transition—the thoughtful reader is led to ponder over the unity of nature and nature’s God.

“The universe must utter and fulfil
The mighty voice which states
The mighty destiny which holds
Its key-note and its ultimate designs.”

And what magnificent word-painting is that which intensifies the thought,—

“ O stars,
Midway in that great tideless stream, which pours,
And builds its shining road through trackless space
From you to us and us to you, must be
Some mystic place
Where all our voices meet and melt
Into this solemn silence which is felt,
And sense of sound mysterious brings
Where sound is not. This is God's secret. He
Sits centred in His myriads of skies,
Where seas of sound and seas of silence rise
And break together in one note and key,
Divinely limitless in harmony!”

A veiled priestess in a holy place, she draws the curtain back from sorrow and her twin sister grief; but while “The Prince is Dead”—one of her most thoughtful poems—depicts the natural helplessness of king and peasant against the approach of the grim destroyer, and strongly pictures the utter desolation of each childless home where once children played, yet when in “Resurgam” she voices in inimitable language the mortal's hope of immortality, even stern death himself is stripped of half his terrors beneath the magic of her touch.

But her thoughts are not all on sombre themes, nor are her best efforts to be found only among those poems that have a serious cast.

One who has tasted the bitter can better appreciate the sweet, and so—like a brook which threads its deep-worn channel through quiet meadows so silently that one can scarcely tell in what direction the current flows only to leap and foam and dash down over the rocks that bar its course beyond the level fields—in her lighter verse Mrs. Hunt's genius sparkles all the brighter for intimate association with the realities of life. Among the best of these lighter poems is “The Singer's Hills,” the author's adaptation of that oft attempted theme, the ideal. It is very sweet and very earnest, and throughout, it breathes the true poetic fire and fancy. From

the shore, with the singer we catch glimpses of the shadowy beyond, and eagerly stretch out our hands to seize the fleeting vision, but, alas, they grasp the empty air; while the elusive phantom glides mockingly from our view, and, tantalizing as ever, afar on the horizon's edge,

“ Still rise the magic hills,
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and waft the subtle odors in
From treasure-laden boats that drift and bide
The hours and moments of the wave and tide,
Laden with fruits and boughs and flowers rare,
And jewels such as monarchs do not wear;
And men, with cheeks all red and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brother's name,
Still leap out on the silent, lifeless sands,
And staggering with overburdened hands
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought,
While smiling, pitying, the world sees naught!”

If one may discriminate where discrimination seems impossible, “*My Lighthouse*” and “*Opportunity*,” short poems of exquisite beauty, claim at least a passing tribute. Thought gems, imbedded in a rich setting of poetic language, they are but single jewels in the author's diadem of verse.

Tender as are all these poems, lofty as are their inspirations, it is only when love tunes the poet's lyre that the tenderest, loftiest harmonies are evoked. While Helen Hunt cannot be crowned Priestess of Passion in the sense that the title is conferred upon Amélie Rives, still in pure thought and fancy she has few superiors. The love she paints is not the sickly fancy that finds vent in sentimental gush, but that deeper love that trusts all things, dares all things, suffers all things; not always love successful, as the world counts success, but forever love triumphant over self. She invades the most secret places of the human heart, and with all that wealth of poetic coloring of which she is mistress, portrays the breadth and depth of human emotion. For man in his more genial hours, her tints are purple, rose, and gold,—and gorgeous indeed

is the result,—while for his more melancholy moods she blends with artistic skill soft monotones of grey where all seems lost in distance save the ever-present touch of human sympathy.

Is the reader glad? Then,—

“Oh, happiness!
To utter thee, in vain our eyes
Seek tears; and vainly all speech tries;
This thing alone our King denies
In Love's largess.”

But comes he sad, his heart in ashes? Gently she soothes him,—

“But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love;
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again,
In babyhood.”

With this most beautiful of all her tender fancies, we close our sketch. Whether she was a great poet may be doubted. Truly great poets are rare, if by a great poet is meant one the creations of whose pen have marked an era in the history of literature; but if the question is whether the restful sympathy breathed by her earnest verses has made her a writer loved and honored by the American people, there is no arguing with the silent, ever-increasing heap of unhewn stones above her lonely Colorado grave.

Bertrand A. Smalley.

JEAN TEAGUE.

They were an oddly assorted pair—the tall, raw-boned trapper, and the fresh-faced English boy ;—one would never take them for friends, but so it was. And on the morrow they were to take the long trip together, for Captain Carlton at Fort York had sent for his son to come down, and the lad would have no one for a guide but half-breed Jean, drunken Jean, tatterdemalion Jean, with whom he had been on strange terms of intimacy since his arrival.

They were off. The fresh snow crackled and snapped beneath their runners, and cheeks grew flushed as they sped swiftly over the white expanse toward the fort. Now and again they heard the call of a ptarmigan scurrying across the snow, or, anon, a tiny fur beaver. The lad chattered incessantly. Reared in pleasant Kent, he had not known the swift pulsing of the blood and the wide-awakeness of every sense that the traveller feels in the still, northern cold.

Spending the night at a refuge which the Bay company had built, they started again by the dawn-light. League after league they flew over the snow, till far in the south-east they could descry a dark spot on the horizon. This grew larger and larger as the hours passed, till the great northern forest was at hand, and from a butte they beheld the Nelson, now locked in its wintry bonds. They sped along the river-banks beneath the great trees ; and the flaxen-haired son of England clapped his hands and shouted, for only a few miles off were the fort and his father, while the over-arching trees reminded him of his home. On and on they went, the trees dropping their burden of fleecy snow upon them as they flashed under. Now from a rise can be seen the plateau, on which is Fort York—itsself invisible. Here in the dark woods there is no glint from myriad crystals reflecting the long rays of the high sun : all is dark. But see, down by the river, the chapel spire of the fort ! Jean smiles with relief.

A long, drawn-out note, echoed and reëchoed in the recesses of the forest. Once more ! The half-breed is all attention. The horses break into a run !

"What's that, Jean?" asked smiling lips; and the old trapper answered shortly, "Wolves." Whereat the lad's face turned pale, for he had heard grizzled men around many a camp-fire since he had been in the far North-East tell with halting breath of the savageness of the forest prowlers.

But the fort is only a short distance away. Jean hands the lad a revolver, but takes the rifle himself; for the ponies need no guidance—they know the road to safety, and are flying toward it.

The wolves are in sight, and their howls, redoubling as they view the sledge, sound nearer and nearer. A shot stops them for a minute, and again and again. They have halted, and Jean breathes easy. But down that slope to the left comes another pack, larger and fiercer.

"Only a little way to the fort now! Can I make it?" murmured Jean.

Hardly, Jean Teague—drunken Jean, tatterdemalion Jean, half-breed Jean, cast from men to be eaten by wolves.

Ah! one big fellow leaps at the boy's face,—and falls dead.

The ponies, wearying now of the long struggle, are almost surrounded by the green-eyed fiends.

Grasping the revolvers, Jean jumps on a lumber pile as the sledge passes. Relieved of his weight the ponies speed away with new energy.

A little later a dispatch sledge drawn by torn and foaming horses, carrying a lad in a faint, draws up at Fort York.

The next spring some of the officers, out on a hunt, happened to see about a mile from the fort upon a lumber pile a human skeleton, near which was a bone talisman such as they had often seen before. "Ah!" said the finder, giving the bones such a kick that they fell into a mixed-up heap, "that must have been drunken old Jean; had pluck though for a nigger, did n't he?"

The English lad had told his story.

B. S.

THE CHAIR.

Since the LIT. was founded, there has been no occasion to find fault with the support it has received from the undergraduates; but the support given by the alumni is more open to criticism. We wish to have it well understood that the LIT. is not run as a means of private income for those who happen to be chosen editors. The editors give their time and labor, and also of their shekels. All the income, and, some years, more than the income, is spent for the expenses of publication.

The present management has found, to its surprise, that the subscription list itself is far from being indicative of the real support given by the alumni. A part of these subscriptions is paid promptly, another part only after incessant dunning, and yet another part is never paid. Then the list of complimentaries is too large for business well-being. We are willing and glad to mail a legitimate number of "comps," but when every man who sends us a half dozen alumni notes, or who writes a piece of poetry, claims exemption from dues, we fail to see the justice of the claim. Unless there is some definite understanding between the editor and the subscriber, how is any paper of limited circulation and poor advertising advantages to avoid financial embarrassment? If a percentage of the resources is uncertain, how about the liabilities? It must be apparent, that, next to literary contributions of high merit, a good and prompt financial support is the most essential factor in conducting a college paper.

It has been the constant endeavor of the editors to issue a magazine representative of the literary life at Dartmouth, and worthy the enthusiastic support of both alumni and students. The editors flatter themselves that they have been so far successful in their endeavor that the LIT. is equal in literary merit to any similar publication in New England. They also think that the support

of the undergraduates merits praise, and urge that the alumni show *their* enthusiasm by a more prompt and willing attention to the demands of their business manager.

With sincere feelings of regret, Dartmouth students are reminded from time to time, that with the present college year President Bartlett's term of office will end. President Bartlett is an enthusiastic Dartmouth man; he has labored long and faithfully for the enlarging and upbuilding of the college, and has proved an unusually able and efficient president. In reviewing the history of the college for the last fifteen years, too few remember that the college was once on the verge of bankruptcy and the body of the alumni apparently indifferent to its fate, and that, during not a few of these years, there has been no small contingent of bitter critics, whom an angel from heaven could not conciliate. When the financial condition of the college, the useless and oftentimes foolish opposition, and the other discouraging circumstances are duly considered, President Bartlett's work, to say the least, is praiseworthy. If Dartmouth secures another president as successful, able, and aggressive, she will be fortunate. If she secures another as much honored and respected by the students, she will be more than fortunate. It is with much satisfaction that the present Senior class will receive diplomas bearing the signature they will,—for to you, President Bartlett, we owe very much in our college course that will be of lasting benefit. You have the warmest wishes of '92, and we may say of the whole college, for continued success and length of days.

One of the pleasantest features of college journalism in New England is the annual meeting of the N. E. I. P. A. Although the association cannot boast of its great age, or its legends, or its history, it has come to stay, and already has been productive of much good. The forming of acquaintances, the informal discussion of ways and means, the closer uniting of intercollegiate ties, can but be productive of mutual benefit.

The meeting held at the Hotel Glendower, in Springfield, on

the evening of May 25, was, perhaps, the most representative and enjoyable in the brief history of the association. The courtesy on the part of the editors of the *Amherst Student* in extending invitations to the various representatives for the concert of the Amherst Glee and Banjo clubs was highly appreciated by all, as were the efforts of the chairman of the executive committee to make the meeting as a whole, and the banquet especially, a success.

At this meeting, a committee was appointed to consider, and to report to the executive committee, the advisability of forming an inter-collegiate debating union to consist of all the colleges in New England which are now members of the Press association. This seems to us the only foolish thing the association was guilty of. The forming of such a union is practically impossible, and, if possible, is far from being desirable. The various colleges are too widely scattered, too numerous, and the expense in both time and money of maintaining the debates would be too great. We believe in intercollegiate oratorical contests, but we do not believe in even discussing the formation of a league unwieldy beyond reason. There are colleges enough in New England to form at least three or four such leagues, and, as has already been suggested, one of these leagues should comprise Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth. Other leagues could be suggested, and no doubt will be formed, between colleges whose situation geographically, or whose intimacy of relations, warrants such action. We trust the committee will see the reasonableness of this view, and report adversely.

At the same meeting another committee was appointed to consider the advisability of making an exhibit of New England college publications at the Columbian exposition in Chicago, in 1893. This movement is certainly a wise one, and we hope the committee will push the matter with a great deal of enthusiasm. Many of the schools and colleges of the West, always alive to their opportunities, will make exhibits, and certainly New Eng-

land, the seat of the highest culture and learning, ought not to go unrepresented. Just what proportions such an exhibit would assume, it is, perhaps, useless to conjecture at present. Let the matter be brought before the several colleges and thoroughly discussed. The exhibit once decided upon, the method will take care of itself.

We have received a dainty little volume entitled "Trinity Verse." To those acquainted with Trinity, or who have been readers of the *Tablet* for the past few years, the little book will need no introduction or word of praise from us. It will at once take its place on the library shelf beside the similar volumes from Brown, Dartmouth, and other colleges. The book in typographical excellence is superior to some, and in literary merit second to none. We are glad to welcome Trinity to the sisterhood of those colleges, which are putting in permanent form their college literature.

It is with pleasure that we announce the election of Mr. H. C. Pearson, of the class of '93, to an editorship on the LIT. for his Senior year. Such an election is unprecedented, and was not made without thorough discussion *pro* and *con*. Mr. Pearson was a strong competitor during his Sophomore year, and has done excellent literary work since, and was elected wholly on his merit. This, however, does not open the way for indiscriminate elections, but simply suggests what may be done, when a man shows literary ability and activity, after the full quota from his class has been chosen. Such elections may be made hereafter with the advice of the professor in English and a majority vote of the board.

With pleasure we announce the election of Messrs. J. H. Bartlett, E. O. Grover, and W. H. Rollins to the Junior editorships of next year's LIT. We are glad to leave the LIT. in such competent hands, and bespeak for it the hearty support of the college, which we are sure it will continue to merit. The competition during the

present college year has been the most even and the strongest in the history of the magazine, and, consequently, a few men in every sense worthy of an editorship could not be elected, simply because there were not enough places to be filled. Such men we ask to read carefully what *THE CHAIR* says about the unprecedented election from the class of '93, and to continue writing for their own benefit, the benefit of the *LIT.*, and the benefit of the college. We feel that we cannot urge this matter too strongly. Literary life at Dartmouth depends on the literary activity of the students, not a half dozen only, but a representative proportion. There should be a large number of contributions submitted during the coming year by men who are neither competitors nor editors. In fact, we think the number and quality of such manuscripts are the best test of the literary life of any institution.

The following report may be of interest to those who generously contributed to the fund enabling Prof. R. B. Richardson to purchase, in Greece and elsewhere, illustrative matter for the Greek department of Dartmouth College :

Total amount of the fund raised by W. S. Sullivan '89	\$315.00
Expended :	
For 515 photographs	\$110.30
For mounting the same	49.06
For 125 lantern slides	59.80
For 3 picture-frames	9.00
	\$228.16
Balance on hand	
	\$86.84

The prompt appearance of the *LIT.* each month, and its typographical excellence throughout the year, have been quite generally remarked. A large share of the praise is due our publishers, whose courteous and business-like methods merit much praise. The interest they have taken in giving the *LIT.* a pleasing appearance, and their careful attention to details, show that they know how to conduct a first-class publishing house.

BY THE WAY.

College literature in its aims and characteristics, is a theme much discussed in college papers. All concede that it does not reach a high plane, but what are its true aims? Is the college man twenty years of age or a little older, to endeavor to solve the problems of existence, or is he to cultivate a style, or what? BY THE WAY believes that in Dartmouth, at least, the main purpose should be to cultivate style.

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Most of the men that come to Dartmouth have ideas, but find expression of them rather difficult, owing largely to the fact that few of the fitting schools of northern New England pay any attention to English beyond a course which consists of memorizing some rules, enlarging a few statements found in the great authors, and picking flaws in metaphors. This course is labelled "Rhetoric" in the school curricula. The number of men who can express themselves in straightforward, simple English is very small. Some come with the belief that style, especially in poetry, consists in the use of polysyllabic Latin derivatives. These men need to read "The Earthly Paradise." Some have heard of realism in a vague way, and think that style—good style—means the use of short jerky sentences. They connect these two things, one unknown and the other wrong, as the ideal of English. These need to read Emerson and Hawthorne.

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The thought can come later, for its value, if it have value, is lost in great degree if not well set forth. This seems to be a very trite thing to say, but nevertheless is a truth that needs to be impressed upon the minds of most. Again there are many, perhaps I should

say some, in college, who utterly cast aside style, and vehemently proclaim that what they want is substance—ideas.

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All this leads to the query, Would it not be well to have a course in composition, rhetoric,—call it what you will—in the Freshman year? The present course certainly comes too late for those who need the training before competing for LIT. editorships. It seems to BY THE WAY that the present English I is a misnomer, and it certainly is not a success as a course of instruction in history. How can it be? The history of England, told in fifteen exercises of an hour each! Would not a real course in English, in which three or four themes are presented, be a vast improvement? Room could easily be found by taking five hours from the courses in Language and Mathematics.

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This is the last chance that BY THE WAY will have in college to make a “kick,” and he avails himself of the opportunity. Why do n't we have an elective in English for Junior fall? He feels that one of the most profitable courses he has had in college was English VI. Now, it seems to him that a course in Junior fall on the same or a similar plan, or a course composed of two or three courses on the same or a similar plan, would be of great advantage to those who choose to devote their time mostly to their own language and literature. When the elections are made for that term, at least two thirds of the men elect that course which they think will be easiest for them, about two thirds of any class caring nothing at all for the courses now given. It was a great improvement, gentlemen of the faculty, when you added the German course for that term. Can't you go one step farther?

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We all admire the exquisite verse of Tennyson, his mastery of his art, and his delicate phrasing, but how many who read and reread “Locksley Hall” can tell of his philosophy? How many

have read “Lady Clara Vere de Vere” and “Flower i’ the Cran-nied Wall?” I fear we read much poetry simply for the pleasure of the sweet sounds, and pass by the brain food which is the true soul of poetry. Is not the love for mere rhyme and rhythm the cause of the modern society verse, which seems to be growing lighter and lighter, till it looks as though soon the idea would be so thin as to utterly escape our notice?

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It is positively BY THE WAY’s last appearance, without possibility of an encore. With this number he steps down and out from the chair in a coigne of vantage, he has occupied these many months, in favor of a successor to whom he wishes all success. It has been a pleasant duty—this reviewing of men and things month by month—and yet I am not sorry to lay it down. I shall never forget the many pleasant hours in the editorial sanctum, the lively, easy conversation, and the faces of my companions. Farewell, companions! and farewell, my readers! especially you, whom I have daily met for four goodly years, and whom I shall never meet in a body again this side the River. I trust I have your best wishes as you have mine. I took up the task with no great delight, and I lay it down with no great sorrow. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnis vanitas est. Vale!*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Jackson was pleased. The sight of a refined bit of womanhood always pleased Jackson, but at this particular time he was more pleased than usual. It would have been quite a satisfaction just to ride behind so fair a passenger all the way, and to allow his attention to vacillate lazily between the changing landscapes speeding by the window of the parlor-car and the aristocratic, well-kept figure before him; but to discover that his accidental companion was one of those girls that he met at Mrs. Royal's lawn party last summer was, indeed, highly gratifying. To be sure he could not possibly remember her name, but that made no particular difference: he was certain that he was sufficiently acquainted with her to make the journey a pleasant one.

Jackson was not very cheerful about this journey. He knew that his aunt had invited him up into the country for the express purpose of getting him acquainted with some paragon of feminine virtue by the name of Jones. The name was enough to condemn her to the ranks of the inexpressibly *bourgeoise*; and then she was a graduate of Boston University, or some such place. Jackson had no doubt that he would find some dried-up combination of weak nerves and Greek roots, only fitted to make life miserable for herself and every one else. But it would never do to offend his aunt, for she had most of the money, and all of the brains, to be found among his maternal relatives. So Jackson was in for it for a week or two at least. But he remarked to himself very confidentially that if he allowed any of these hyper-intellectual college girls to gather him in he was not at all acquainted with himself. So Jackson was very glad of any diversion by the way, and fell to at once.

"You do n't know how glad I am to find such agreeable company on the way up," he said. "I'd been expecting a very tiresome ride. I hope you're going right through?"

"No," she replied, "but I'm going quite a way. I'm going up the river to rusticate. A nice old lady up there has invited me to come up and go to bed at nine o'clock and rise at ten. I can't resist such attractions as that, so I gathered up my few belongings and struck out."

"Few belongings!" said Jackson, "I would n't be afraid to stake my last dollar that you're bringing along at least four good-sized trunks."

"Mr. Jackson," cried she, "that's a vile slander. All my worldly effects are contained in three trunks and a grip."

In this manner a constant stream of small talk was kept up as the train sped along beside the winding Hudson. As they whirled around a projection of the bank or across a narrow bridge, they caught glimpses, now of rolling hills slowly rising in the distance or of level stretches of flourishing farms, or now of clustering villages nestling in the valleys. The Hudson spread its gleaming breadth before them, at times shut in like a mountain lake, again, from a different stand-point, stretching far to the North like a silver ribbon. On the opposite bank could be seen a West Shore freight train creeping slowly along the water's edge, looking like a plaything in the deceptive distance. Steep cliffs and wooded hillsides sped by in swift succession.

Meanwhile Jackson was enjoying himself. He found his companion very charming. She was so bright, and at the same time showed such a knowledge of everything in general, from the political situation, with which he was tolerably familiar, to the ancient classics, which he knew nothing about. All this fund of knowledge she used, not to appear wise,—on the contrary, she confessed ignorance with a charming frankness,—but to enliven her conversation. She called Greeks and negroes alike to the aid of her sparkling humor. Jackson soon got very well acquainted with her, but he puzzled in vain to remember her name. Their talk gradually drifted to his journey and its object.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going up to my aunt's like a lamb to the slaughter. She's got a girl salted down up there waiting for me. Some sharp-nosed champion of woman's rights, I expect; at any rate she's from the City of Beans."

"You must look out what you say about Boston," replied she. "I come from Boston, myself, and, needless to say, I consider it the modern Athens."

"From this time forth, I forgive Boston all its sins," said Jackson; "but that does n't prevent its bringing forth a great many girls not so attractive. I wish this particular one had chosen to remain in the 'modern Athens' instead of lavishing her undesired attentions upon me."

"I can sympathize with you," she replied. "Some very estimable young business man, who probably does n't know anything except stock quotations, is to be enticed up into the wilds of the Catskills for my especial benefit. But that does n't trouble me a particle. He will find me a very cold and reserved young lady, and if he does n't get enough and go home before long, it won't be my fault. I do n't care for any languishing youths just at present, thank you."

"Shake!" said Jackson, "I emulate your example. My would-be charmer shall take wings and fly back to the 'modern Athens,' if I have my way."

The train was gradually slowing up for one of its occasional stops. The brakeman put his head through the door and inquired plaintively, "Petersville? Petersville?"

"Well," said she, "I get off here. Good-bye."

"Get off here!" ejaculated Jackson. "Why, so do I!" Then, with a sudden suspicion, and not stopping for ceremony, "What is your name?"

"Why, Jones, of course; I supposed you knew me."

Jackson nearly fell over backwards. He was absolutely speechless; but fortunately there was no time for speech. He caught up Miss Jones's hand-bag, and they left the car.

She did not quite appreciate the situation at that moment, but by the time Jackson had attended to their baggage and they were both seated on the back seat of the old carriage, she comprehended it fully; and as soon as she could get breath enough in the midst of her laughter, she laid a dainty glove on Jackson's arm and said energetically,

"If you ever tell of this, I'll murder you!"

And Jackson thought that, on the whole, it was rather nice.

G. C. S.

"AUTRE CHANSON."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Daybreak lingers at thy door,
 Sweetheart mine; for thee the rose
 Opes its petaled eye once more.
 Oh, waken, and thy door uncloses.
 Stay, my sweetheart,
 Listening here;
 For thee doth start
 The song and tear.

Every blessing waits for thee:
 Morning whispers, "I am Day,"
 Birds pour forth their harmony,
 And my heart is love alway.
 Stay, my sweetheart,
 Listening here;
 For thee doth start
 The song and tear.

Sweetheart, angel from above,
 All my life was made for thee;
 All my heart but for thy love,—
 Thy loveliness that I might see.
 Stay, my sweetheart,
 Listening here;
 For thee doth start
 The song and tear.

E. O. Grover.

THE 'TORNEY.

He was a queer old fellow—was the 'torney, with his face seamed by the frosts and suns of more than seventy years. His besetting sin was laziness, and his chief pleasure was hanging around the only law office in the village, talking with the occupant, and at the occasional trials listening most deferentially, trying to pick up crumbs of law. For this reason we called him "The 'Torney," or "Torney" for short, sometimes varying by calling him "Judge."

In his early days he had been a musician and a dancer, and I well remember sitting by the office fire of an evening, and hearing him talk about the "demi-, hemi-, semi-quavers" he used to execute. The 'torney was not especially a devotee of the truth, but he dearly loved to lash others who abused it. He was strong in his youth, he used to say, and could chop, even in his old age; "but," he added, with an indescribable rolling of the eyes, and "humph" sort of expression, "I a'n't one o' them critters that can go out in an hour and chop four thousand cords; you can't do it when you've got to limb all the time." The remark seems cheap enough, but to hear him say it!

He was forever and eternally at law, usually about a horse case, for the 'torney was as slippery as an eel. Once, in court, on cross-examination, this dialogue took place:

Counsel.—Mr. Melton, did you ever buy a horse of Enoch Dudley?

'Torney.—That is n't the way to ask that question: you'd orter say, "Did you ever buy a horse or beg a horse or borrow a horse or steal a horse from Enoch Dudley?"

Counsel puts the question in *proper* form.

'Torney.—No; but I led a corpse home from there once.

The 'torney was decidedly a pessimist, and used frequently to remark that the change in the name of the village from Mooseum to Mouseum was like the degeneracy of its inhabitants. He hated anything like sentiment, and I remember that once, calling his attention to the beauty of old Kearsarge, looming up in the distance, he answered, "Oh, you dum fool, do n't you know them trees is so far from the railroad it do n't pay to cut 'em." I subsided.

He used always to keep on hand a skeleton,—he called it a horse—with which he used occasionally to do jobs. One time when a family were moving from one part of the village to another—about a third of a mile—he took down a couple of loads, averaging about two hundred pounds each, and charged ten dollars. Because the money was not forthcoming, he broke with the family for ten years.

In the old days of school districts the village district got into some trouble, which came into court and was decided against them. For weeks afterward the 'torney used to talk about "reversing the court."

He dearly loved to have his picture taken while sitting before a heap of law-books, and one such picture is among my treasures.

The 'torney's wife owned the house wherein they lived, and this fact gave rise to numerous little quarrels; but finally the 'torney bought the land between their house and the road, and, with much chuckling and threats of condign punishment if she should transgress, ordered her to keep off his land.

The 'torney had a soft spot, with all his outward roughness, and this was his love for the village cemeteries. He was always puttering about them, doing something to keep them neat and clean, and last March the hitherto neglectful town built him a monument more enduring than marble, by taking measures to keep them as they should be hereafter. For the 'torney is gone. He sleeps beneath the green turf he cared for so long, and the breezes from Kearsarge and Ragged blow the grasses and wild flowers above his head. Better to him than most, applies the monumental inscription, "We miss thee."

B. S.

ARBUTUS.

Sweet arbutus, dainty flower,
Child of April's sun and shower,
Far in a secluded dell,
Hid from me who love thee well,
Sweet arbutus, dainty flower!

Thou art like my lady fair:
Like her breath thy perfumes rare,
And thy blossoms' pure pink tips
Counterfeit her coral lips.
Thou art like my lady fair.

B. A. Smalley.

AN INCIDENT.

"Have a paper, sir?" said a wee voice, scarcely audible above the noise and rush of the street.

"Out of my way, you little devil," growled the man with the fur-trimmed coat and the fine gloves and the eye-glasses, as he gave the owner of the wee voice a kick that sent him half-way across the street. The great man then passed right on, with an air of "Do you see, good people, of how much importance I am?" and never so much as looked back to notice that the impetus given by his nicely fitting congress had caused the little newsboy, weak from exposure and hunger, to stumble and fall beneath the wheel of a swiftly passing cab.

"Does anybody know where he belongs?" asked the policeman, of the few who were curious enough about a matter so trivial as to gather around the unconscious bundle of flesh and rags.

"He's my pal," said a small boy, elbowing his way among the crowd, "and we hang out in the Rookery."

"No use," said the doctor, after he had climbed the creaky stairs that led to the sixth story in the desolate old Rookery, and had examined his wee patient as he lay on the couch of rags and straw. "No use;—the shock was too much for him. He cannot live above a few hours at the most."

Newsboy number two, who all the while was sitting by Jimmy's side and holding his little bony hand, heard the doctor's remark and seemed to comprehend its meaning, for a look of pain came over his features and a tear stole down his cheek.

"Where is his parents?" said the boy in a hushed voice. "He has none; nuther of us has, and never did, as I knows. Me and Jimmy has lived here alone since we left the Foundlings." "Lonesome? Well, sir, jest a little; but there was a little gal that used to live across the alley as Jimmy called his sister, and she used to come in and play with him when he was too sick to be on the street. But last spring she died, sir, and Jimmy he cried and cried, as though he would die too. She was so pretty, and so good; and then Jimmy felt lonesome without nobody to play with when I was away."

"He wants it now," the little fellow whispered, as Jimmy moaned a bit and pointed to the opposite corner of the room. "She give it him," he continued, producing a finger-worn picture of an old farm-house with a family group about the porch, "and said she used to live there; but how she come to the Rookery she could n't jest remember, 'cept that the old hag she lived with met her one day in the road, and afore she knew it, hardly, she was here. When she used to come over here she cried a good deal, and Jimmy he felt so bad he used to cry with her. She would talk about going back home, and taking me and Jimmy and giving us good clothes and lots to eat. But the old woman kept pretty close watch of her, and I guess she died of bein' homesick. That 's her," said he, pointing to the likeness of a nine or ten years' old girl standing in the fore-ground of the picture. "She had talked so much about our going home that we had saved money enough for a ticket on the ferry; but, after she died, Jimmy was sick a long time, and all the money was spent. And then Jimmy wanted a frame for the picture, and, with what money he 'd saved, thought he could get enough this morning; but now he 's hurt, and we shall have ter wait," said the brave boy, with an attempt at being cheerful.

Meanwhile little Jimmy was holding the picture close to his ragged jacket, and breathing painfully.

"He's thinking of her, and the home in the country," said his friend, as the eyes of the sufferer opened in a dazed way, and his lips murmured half intelligible words.

The next morning a small box of unplanned boards, followed by a single mourner, was borne to the Potter's field, and a career was ended which attracted not even a passing notice from the busy world.

W. C. B.

CRAYON BLEU.

Addison's Criticisms on Paradise Lost, edited by Albert S. Cook, professor of the English language and literature in Yale University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The text of this edition is based upon the literal reproductions of Arber and Morley, and, allowing for the modernization of spelling and punctuation, is believed to be more correct than any published in this century. The index is unusually full, and will enable Addison's comments on any particular passage of "Paradise Lost," as well as on those of the ancient epics with which it is compared, to be found with the least possible trouble.

Business Law: A Manual for Schools and Colleges, by Alonzo R. Weed. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Price \$1.10.

After a careful examination of this work, we pronounce it one of the best of its kind that has ever come to our notice. The ground is well covered, the language clear and forcible, and the division into chapters and sections admirable. The book is not only a good text-book, but is also worthy of a place on any library shelf.

For a long time a "crying need" in school work has been a series of wall maps for school use that should include the latest geographical discoveries and political changes, and yet sell at a price so low that the ordinary public school, graded or ungraded, can be supplied at slight expense. Such a series is now being put on the market. It consists of seven maps for public schools—Hemispheres, North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the United States—and two maps for Bible study and Sunday-school use—Canaan and Palestine.

The maps are mounted in a variety of styles, to suit purchasers. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

One of the early issues of D. C. Heath & Co. will be a little volume for primary schools called *Leaves and Flowers*, by Mary A. Spear, late principal of the Model School of the West Chester (Pa.) state normal school. These plant studies combine drill in reading with sound botanical information, calculated to serve as a useful basis to later study.

Roswell Smith, the late president of the Century company, is the subject of a number of contributions to the June *Century*. There is a frontispiece portrait, a poem by Edmund Gosse, a biographical sketch by the Rev. Dr. Gladden, an editorial in "Topics of the Time," with brief statements of Mr. Smith's connection with the Tract society, the Congregational club, and Berea college, Kentucky. The leading illustrated article of this number is by Dr. Albert Shaw, whose timely and interesting papers in other numbers, on modern municipal governments, will be remembered. In this paper he describes the rise of a new metropolis—"Budapest." The paper is brightly and profusely illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

The *Atlantic* for June presents its usual attractive, conservative, and interesting contents, headed by an able and readable article by W. T. Harris, on the "Education of the Negro."

EXCHANGES.

The June numbers of many of the magazines are gotten out by the editors for next year—an arrangement which seems to us especially feasible as we wonder what we are going to say in our last attempt. The proper thing would be, perhaps, some sort of a panegyric on the department work, ending with a neat little poem expressing our sincere regret at parting, with best wishes for the incoming editor. But such work is out of harmony with this lazy weather, which is suited better for gossip.

We have often wondered what our work this year was amounting to,—what, in fact, is the use of the exchange department. The criticisms, after all, are for the most part individual opinions. What an exchange editor thinks of an article may be in direct opposition to that held by the college in whose magazine the article appears. Yet he is unacquainted with the writer whom he criticises, so that his opinion is wholly unbiased by personal prejudices. He has before him, too, the best productions of many colleges, a fact which ought to make his criticism of larger value. He learns the distinction of styles, and, indeed, after a time becomes acquainted more or less with the peculiarities of individual writers who are constant contributors to their respective papers. It is an amusing pastime to imagine how this writer looks, or what are the peculiarities of that one. We fancy we should like to see some of these ideals of ours to ascertain how near they resemble our estimation of them.

But on the whole the criticism itself amounts to but little compared with the benefit which accrues to the editor. He gets constant practice in putting in black and white the opinions which he holds, which is, in fact, one of the main reasons for the existence of the college paper to-day. By reading all, he can select the excellences and faults of each, and copy or avoid, as the case may be, in his own paper. He knows by this time the distinguishing characteristics of each magazine—that the *Nassau* is noted for its stories, the *Cornell* for its literary weight, the *Brunonian* for its poetry, etc. The covers of these papers have become to him familiar faces, and he parts from them as from old friends. But we are coming too near to what we were not going to do. We will say, however, that we hope we have followed the general policy of the exchange department—to give a just, fair, and concise criticism of college journalism in general, and individual issues in particular; where satire has been severe at one time, to praise the next, so equalizing criticism as to be put in jeopardy to none;—yet hesitation is not characteristic of Exchanges. Even in the face of all our blunders, we congratulate the incoming editors that they will find the *Wellesley Prelude* a monthly magazine.

There seem to be few changes under the new managements of the different papers, and we have to look carefully at the names to know that the paper has changed hands. The departments in the *Amherst Lit.*, however, seem to have deteriorated to a noticeable degree. The work in the Sketch Book, which has always been such a bright, lively department, seems weak and hastily written, and the editorials appear almost school-boyish. We are surprised that the dignity which has been maintained by the *Lit.* under previous classes should be so lowered as to quibble over a threadbare athletic question.

The *Nassau Lit.* shows again its proverbial profligacy for the love story. "The Toss of a Penny" is good. "The Fullness of Love Comes Late" is a most excellent character sketch.

The *Brown Magazine* contains mostly heavy essays, "dry stuff" to read this weather. "The Newspaper as an Educator" cannot, however, be classed in any such cynical way. The subject is a live one, and well treated.

The *Vassar Miscellany* speaks very emphatically through the editors' table on the question of woman's rights. "Show men what we can do, not tell them," is the theme. "When man retires into a corner of the world and boards himself off, jealously labelling his corner 'man's,' then woman may lay claim, not only to equality, but to superiority." We venture to hope that that time is a long way off. "A Humble Heroine" is a fine presentation of common, every-day life in a rural district.

The following is selected from the verse of the month:

THE OLD VIOLIN.

Look, it is covered with dust and silent,
And the unstrung bow across it lies.
The music is stilled, but the soul that woke it
Can never die as the music dies.

See how the strings are worn with playing!
Listen, listen, can you not hear?
It is speaking again! ah, hark to its crying,
Its longing wail, its pain, its fear.

It is the voice of a soul in prison,
Beating and throbbing against its bars.
There, it has changed! we can see the heaven,
The deep calm heaven, and God's own stars.

It is the voice of a woman singing,
And her song is soft and sweet and low;
And now we can see the stately ladies,
Treading a measure of long ago.

One could think that the soul of the master,
The dead musician, spoke therein.
What day dreams are these? For all is silent,
And dust lies thick on the violin.

The Vassar Miscellany.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor, will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

'34. Hon. Moody Currier is president of the board of directors of the Eastern Railroad.

'36. President S. C. Bartlett published an article in the June *Bibliotheca Sacra*, upon the subject "Cheyne on the Psalter."

'46. Rev. A. H. Quint, of Boston, in a strong speech before the Congregational conference, at Springfield, May 19, secured the adoption of a resolution placing the management of the American Board directly in the hands of the churches.

'50. Hon. L. B. Clough has been elected vestryman of the Episcopal church, Manchester.

'53. Prof. C. A. Young will lecture on astronomy at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua Assembly, which is to be held July 12-28, at Mt. Gretna.

'54. Colonel Daniel Hall, of Dover, delivered the Memorial Day address in Winchester.

'54 C. S. S. Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball, of the firm of Ford & Kimball, Concord, and a director of the Concord & Montreal Railroad, is one of the delegates to the Republican national convention.

'54. Rev. Henry A. Hazen, of Auburndale, Mass., read a statistical report of the members of Congregational churches in the state, at the conference in Springfield, May 18. A. H. Quint '46 and Prof. Wm. J. Tucker '61 were chosen delegates to the general conference in Omaha, Neb.

'55. Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Auburn, Me., was renominated by acclamation for congress, April 26.

'57. Hon. James B. Richardson, one of the recently elected trustees of the college, has been chosen a judge of the Massachusetts superior court, making the fifth Dartmouth man in that body.

'58. Rev. Samuel C. Beane will deliver the genealogical address at the reunion of the Collins family, at Amesbury, Mass., on July 10.

'59. Hon. A. W. Tenney will deliver his celebrated lecture on the Passion Play before the Staten Island Chautauqua, on July 10.

'60. Rev. Arthur Little will deliver an address at the reunion of the alumni of Kimball Union Academy, in June.

'60. Prof. Cecil F. P. Bancroft, Ph. D., of Phillips Academy, Andover, addressed the Congregational conference at Springfield, May 19, on the subject, "The Moral and Religious Welfare of Students in our Preparatory Schools."

'61. Hon. George A. Marden addressed the annual convention of the Rhode Island Republican League at Newport, June 1.

'61. Prof. William J. Tucker, of Andover, spoke on the subject of Christian Socialism at the Boston Congregational Club, ladies' night, May 24.

'63. Gen. H. M. Baker and D. Waldo White '87 were delegates from Bow to the Republican state convention.

'66. Judge Nathan P. Hunt, of Manchester, has been elected clerk of the Suncook Valley Extension Railroad.

'66 D. M. C. At the first district Democratic convention of New Hampshire, Henry R. Parker '66, of Dover, was chosen first delegate. At the second district convention, on the same day, Geo. H. Bingham '87, of Littleton, was secretary, and Irving W. Drew '70, of Lancaster, was nominated by acclamation as the first delegate.

'67. Thirty-four men, from the thirty-eight who graduated in the class of '67, are still living.

'71. The April number of the Manchester Board of Trade *Journal* contains a portrait of Hon. E. G. Leach, president of the Franklin Board of Trade.

'73. The annual meeting of the Prohibitory League of Maine was held in Augusta, January 28. President J. C. Stewart delivered an address, which has since been published in a thirty-six page pamphlet.

'73 D. M. C. Dr. Harvey M. Guild, of Claremont, who died recently, was a native of Chester, Vt., and forty-one years old. He was graduated from Dartmouth Medical College in 1873, and practised his profession thirteen years in Felchville, Vt., and afterward removed to Claremont.

'73. Married at Kansas City, Mo., on May 19, Judge Joseph H. Worthen and Mrs. Jessie H. Du Page, daughter of the late Judge J. Brown Hovey, of Independence, Mo.

'75 hon. Person C. Cheney, Benjamin A. Kimball '64 C. S. S., and Irving W. Drew '70 were appointed by Governor Tuttle, at the council meeting, May 3, as delegates to the Nicaragua Canal national convention, to be held at St. Louis, June 2.

'76. H. J. Barton is professor of Latin in the University of Illinois.

'77. Justin H. Smith, of Ginn & Co., Boston, was married, May 21, to Miss Marie E. Barnard, at their future home, 69 St. Botolph street.

'77. Rev. John L. Sewall, recently called to the pastorate of the Newstead Avenue Chapel, St. Louis, Mo., has begun the work with his characteristic energy, and all departments of the church are prospering.

'78 D. M. C. Dr. Frank M. Putnam is now located at Augusta, Me.

'79 C. S. S. Prof. C. S. Cook, of the North-Western University, delivered a lecture on the subject of Hertz's Experiments, before the Chicago Electrical Association, room 48, Athenæum building, 26 Van Buren street, Chicago, Tuesday evening, April 12. The lecture was of great interest. The attendance was quite large, being made up from among the younger men engaged in electrical work in and about Chicago.

'79. Hon. Hiram D. Upton presided at the New Hampshire Republican state convention April 27, and his thirty-minute address was heartily applauded.

'80. David J. Foster, instructor in oratory, delivered the Memorial Day address in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Among other orators of the same day were Rev. J. C. Bodwell '63, of Lyndonville, at Barnet, and Hon. Redfield Proctor '51, at Chester.

'80. Edwin F. Jones, city solicitor of Manchester, was Memorial Day orator at Deerfield.

'81 D. M. C. E. H. Currier is a member of the State Board of Pharmacy.

'81 D. M. C. F. B. Morrill, M. D., is now in practice at Riverside, Cal.

'81. E. N. Pearson succeeds E. A. Jenks as business manager of the Republican Press Association, Concord. He still retains his position as managing editor of the *Evening Monitor* and *Independent Statesman*.

'81. Rev. Myron W. Adams took part in the ordination of Anthony C. Pinckney, at Marietta, Ga., March 11.

'83. H. Q. Ward has received a call to the Congregational church of Canaan, N. Y.

'83 C. S. S. W. G. Bean, of Concord, has been appointed assistant superintendent of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, including all the roads operated by the company south of, and leading into, Concord. The office of superintendent of train service is abolished. Mr. Bean is probably one of the youngest men holding a position of like responsibility in the country, but his fitness for it has been demonstrated by his work upon the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain and the Concord & Montreal.

'84. Charles S. Felker died suddenly from hemorrhage, at his home in Rochester, on April 20. He fitted for college at New Hampton, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1884. His genial disposition, bright sayings, and mirthfulness made him always a welcomed companion among his college-mates. In college he gave a good deal of attention to literature and history, and this interest in these studies continued. After leaving college he was a frequent contributor to the press. While in the fitting-school he had an attack of diphtheria, the effects of which lurked around his system, and finally, with too close application to his studies, made inroads upon his not over-strong constitution, and developed into consumption. He spent the winter of 1884-'85 in Florida, but his health did not improve. In the following fall he had a severe hemorrhage, and was confined within doors all winter. He spent his next year in Boston, under the care of Dr. Copp, a specialist in lung diseases, and was considerably benefited thereby. He spent his summers at the beach and mountains, but all efforts to regain his health proved unavailing. In his diary which he kept there is not a single word of complaint. The end came suddenly, and almost without warning.

'84 D. M. C. A. E. Marden, M. D., is a physician in the Indian service at the Wescalero Apache agency, Wescalero, N. M.

'85. Died, at Denver, Col., May 3, of pneumonia, Amos C. Lyford, instructor in the military academy at that place. Mr. Lyford was valedictorian of his class, and especially distinguished for his knowledge of Greek and his literary ability. He was formerly a teacher at the Holderness (N. H.) Episcopal school for boys, and afterwards in the Cheshire (Conn.) Episcopal school.

'85. E. T. Critchett, who has been for three years principal of the Duluth (Minn.) high school, has just entered a new building completed at a cost of \$350,000.

'86. Arthur H. Hale, of Manchester, son of Hon. William Henry Hale, of Concord, was married, May 19, to Miss Addie A. Smith, of Manchester. Mr. Hale is cashier of the First National Bank in Manchester.

'86. Edwin B. Frost, instructor in the Potsdam Observatory, near Berlin, Germany, has accepted an assistant professorship of astronomy in the college, and is to be manager of the observatory.

'88 N. H. C. J. Warren Smith, of the New England Signal Service, Cambridge, Mass., spoke upon the "New England Weather Service," at a meeting of the secretaries of the New England boards of agriculture and directors of experiment stations, at Boston, May 5, 1892.

'89 hon. Dr. Henry Boynton, of Woodstock, Vt., lectured under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in the assembly hall, May 17, on "Vesuvius and Pompeii."

'91. J. C. Sanborn, Jr., is assistant clerk of the board of health, Lawrence, Mass.

'91. E. W. Pond is discount clerk in the City National Bank, Dayton, Ohio.

'91. Carleton and DuBois are with the Western Electric Company, New York city. DuBois has general charge of the pricing and billing of the houses.

'91. Wright and Barnard are both justices of the peace. Barnard is also truant officer in his native town.

THE CHRONICLE.

May 6. Dartmouth *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown, 0-3; opening game of the season.

— 7. Dartmouth *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown, 4-5.

— 10. Prof. R. B. Richardson's illustrated lecture on "The Peloponnesus," for the benefit of the base-ball association,

— 13. Harvard appears on our campus in discarded Dartmouth and class-team suits, having accidentally left their own behind. Dartmouth defeats them, 4-3.

— 14. At Hanover: Harvard 5, Dartmouth 0.

— 18. At Amherst: Tennis doubles won by W. T. Gunnison and J. S. Brown,—6-4, 10-8, 6-4. Base-ball won by Dartmouth, 4-2.

— 19. At Amherst: Tennis singles won by W. T. Gunnison. Base-ball won by Dartmouth, 6-1.

— 23. Exhibition in the Gymnasium, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. Mr. Whitehouse, trainer for the team, performed on the flying rings, parallel bars, etc.

— 25. Athletic meet at Springfield: Amherst first, Dartmouth second, Brown third.

HANOVER POST-OFFICE.

LATEST MAIL ARRANGEMENTS, COMMENCING OCTOBER 5, 1891.

Office hours from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sunday from 8 to 8:30 a. m., and 12 m. to 12:30 p. m.

Mails going east, south, and west close at 11:00 a. m. and 9:00 p. m.

Mails going north, over the Passumpsic Railroad, close at 1:40 p. m. and 9:00 p. m.

Mails going north, over the Central Vermont Railroad, 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.

Mails are due at Norwich depot, from east, south, and west, at 12:55 a. m. and 2:08 p. m.

From the north, via Central Vermont Railroad, at 8:10 a. m. and 2:08 p. m.; via Passumpsic Railroad, at 11:29 a. m.

Registered mail dispatched only in mails closing at 11:00 a. m. and 1:40 p. m., and must be deposited thirty minutes before the closing of above mails. All mail matter must be in the post-office ten minutes before the closing of each mail to insure its dispatch in same. All mails must close promptly.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK, *Postmaster.*

THE

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—EDITED BY—

Students of the Senior and Junior Classes



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1892

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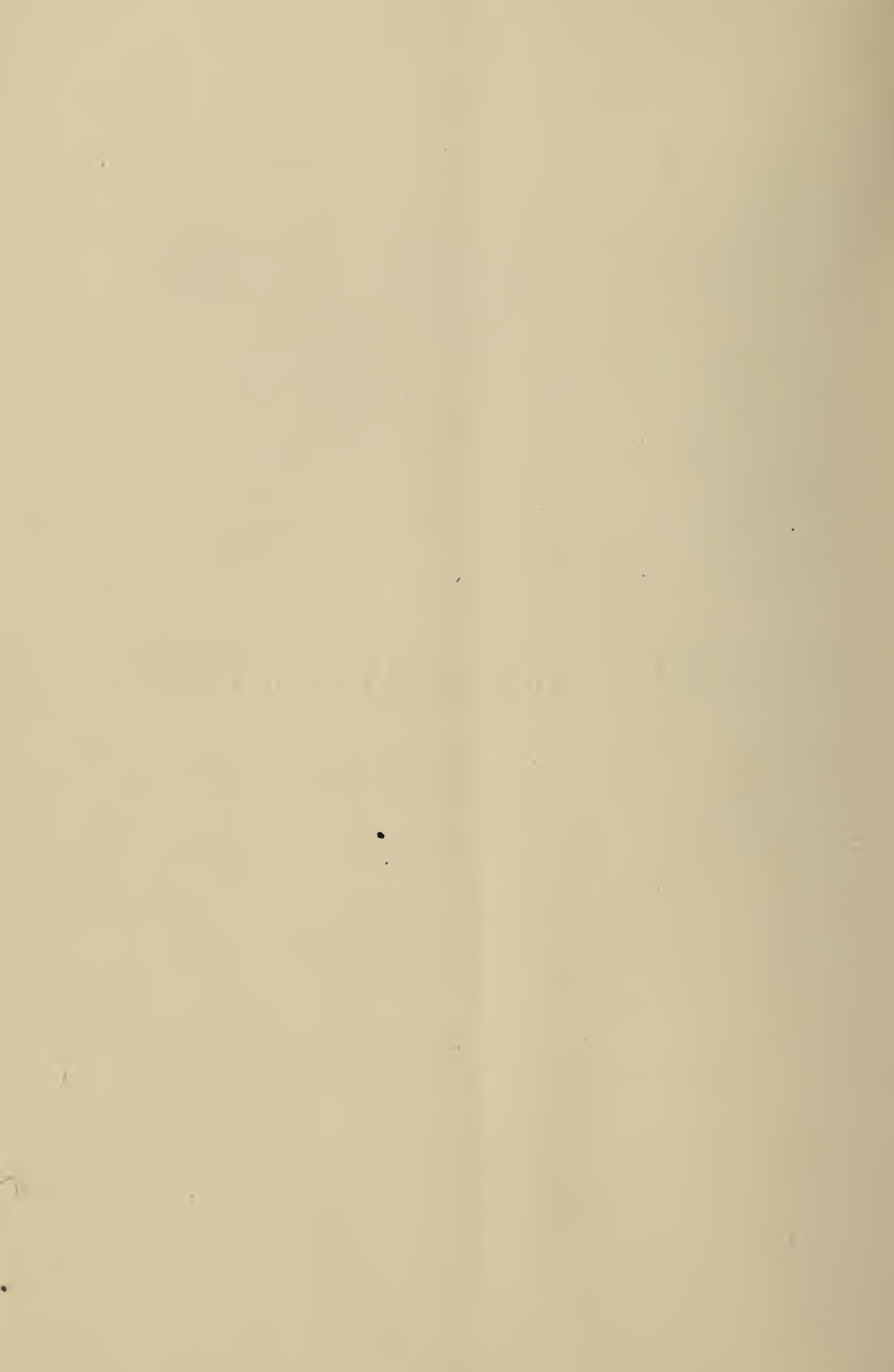
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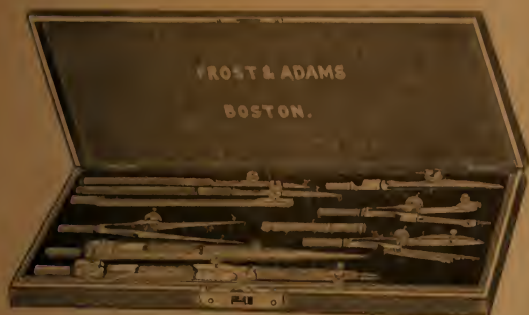
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